reached the shoulders. Her diamonds were

OUTLINES OF SOCIETY TALK.

MR. AND MRS. DAY TO GIVE A DINNER TO MR. AND MRS. TREMENHEERE.

A Private View of Some of the Numeron Presents Sent to Miss Bessie Alexander Who Will be Married To-Morrow-Three Thousand Invitations Sent Out-What People Talk About on Rainy Afternoons.



given by Mr. Melville C. Day, an uncle of Mrs. Tremenheere, in bonor of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. A. Tremenheere, at Delmonico's this evening. The table twill be round, and the decorations very fine. Mrs. Van Auken, Miss Van Auken, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Theband, Mrs. Herman Clarke, Mr. Marray Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morgan King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelhoun Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. William V. M. Hoffman,

Miss Hopkins, of Madison, N. J.; Mr. Tiers, Miss Clare Condert, Mr. Alexander Clay and Mr. Lindley Hoffman Chapin will be the

guests.

Mr. Baynes, of Boston, and his bride, nee
Morris, are at Colorado Springs.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Hoffman will give
a large luncheon party to-day at their home,
426 West Twenty-third street.

426 West Twenty-third street.

A private exhibition of wedding presents was given to her young friends yesterday afternoon by Miss Bessie Alexander, whose marriage will take place to-morrow. Among the most admired were the following: An enamelled clock, with side ornaments, from Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew; several pieces of very fine point lace from Mrs. William E. Eggleson: an antique brass clock from Mr. and Chauncey M. Depew; several pieces of very fine point lace from Mrs. William E. Eggleston; an antique brass clock from Mr, and Mrs. John J. McCook; Hungarian pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stevens; a point lace fan, with pearl sticks, 140 diamonds in silver setting scattered over the lace, from her grandfather. Mr. C. Williamson; a silver lamp from Mr. and Mrs. William E. Strong; a silver clock from Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; an antique silver cake-basket of the time of George II. from Mrs. Milbank; a silver service from her father, Mr. James W. Alexander; a set of silver spoons from Mrs. James L. Cabell; two silver candelabra from Mrs. William Alexander; a large silver dish from Dr. and Mrs. Markoe; a pair of old Sevres vases from George Campbell Cooper; a set of Dresden plates, all copies of well-known yietures, from the Misses Cooper; an antique Japanese bronze from Dr. Abbe, who will be the best man to-morrow; a set of dessert plates from Mrs. Carnochan; a pair of vases from Mr and Mrs. Charles Steele; an antique silver box from Mr, and Mrs. Ripley; a full set of silver forks from Mr. Henry M. Alexander; a pair of gold; dishes from Mrs. James M. Alexander; a Dresden snuffbox lined with gold, formerly owned by King Ludwig of Bavaria, from Mrs. Charles M. Cooper; a silver manicure set from Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, a pair of silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, a pair of silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, a pair of silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green: antique silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan; a cut glass pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. and Mrs. B. Auchincloss; a diamond pin from Mrs sam y Palmer; a set of silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. J. H.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan; a cut glass pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Auchincloss; a diamond pin from Miss May Palmer; a set of silver spoons from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rhoades; a silver and gold bowl from Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Lambert; silver dishes from Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pyne; a silver bell from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benson; a silver and gold salad bewl from Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Mongomery; a silver frame from Dr. and Mrs. P. Morgan, a pair of candlesticks from Mr. George E. Woo?; some silver dishes from Mr. Alexander; cut glass from Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Pell; a cut-glass pitcher from Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt a solid silver pitcher. There have been 3,000 invitations sent out for to-morrow.

The marriage of Mr. James H. Mannigan and Miss Florence E. Everall will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Everall, No. 69 Irving place. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's, will officiate. Miss Milly Thompson will be the maid of honor. Miss Edith Miller and Miss Maud Miller, two little girls, will be the bridesmaids. Mr. D. Mannigan, a brother of the groom, will be the best man. Messrs, N. L. Archer, R. P. Mannigan, a brother of the groom, will be the best man. Messrs. N. L. Archer, R. P. Livermore, George H. Everall, jr., and A. Gilford will be the ushers.

"BREAK THE MACHINE!!"

Is there then nothing left to the people, to the mass of voters, besides either running with the machine or abrogating all their rights and duties as citizens? Yes, there is something left to the mass of the party-it is the veto power, and the veto power only. They can discharge the leaders and BREAK THE MACHINE-THEY CAN CHOOSE NEW LEADERS AND CONSTRUCT A NEW MACHINE. This in a properly organized party is their right, and it is the possession of this right and the performance of this duty which keep the machine in proper order and the leaders in accord with and in subordination to the will of the people. - MAYOR HEWITT IN HIS COOPER UNION SPEECH, DEC.

Another Exposure in High Life

Little Tommy-Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the toothache 'stead of Bridget?

Mrs. Blueblood-Why, my son?

Little Tommy-'Cause you could take your teeth out; she can't.

FAITHLESS.

SHELL FRUIT OF THE SEASON.

The Value of Hickory Nuts Affected 10 Per Cent. by Estheric Causes.



N the autumn groups of children, with a scattering of their elders, may be seen wherever there is a wood, throwing sticks wood, throwing sticks and stones at the trees to bring the nuts pattering down on the dry leaves The two varieties of shell fruit etics of shell fruit

produced in the northern part of the United States which have the chief commercial importance are the chestnut and the hickory. The chestnut, roasted or boiled, comes as

the birds go, and the variety sold on the

The chestnut, roasted or boiled, comes as the birds go, and the variety sold on the street corners differs from the sort which grows in the newspapers, theatres and clubs. One can be swallowed and the other can't.

The hickory nut is not a theme provocative of thought. As a New England feature it is frequently found in combination with a flatiron, a hammer and a spinster with a battered thumb. But the hickory nut in this combine is not conducive to perfect patience. The hammer will slip and crack the thumb, and not the nut. Then patience spreads its wings and flies.

There are several kinds of hickory—the shellbark, the hickory proper and the pignut. The shell is whiter, easily broken and cracks so as to let the meat fall out in halves. The shells of the pignut can resist a pretty strong blow with a hammer.

The country people earn an honest penny by selling hickory nuts. They are much in demand at Christmas time for making nutcandy. The nut is oily when fresh, but sweeter as it gets a little older.

The prices vary for the different varieties. This year they are low. Shellbarks bring from \$2.50 to \$2.75 a bushel and the harder shells from \$1.50 to \$2. Last year they would have brought \$1 a bushel more.

It may seem strange that a question of sethetics should affect the value of hickory nuts. But the whiter shelled variety bring 10 per cent, more than the discolored ones.

The venders sell hickory-nuts for 10 cents a quart, cracked. The meat salone are sometimes sold, and they cost more. Each vender has a Japanese nut-cracker on his stand and does his own cracking. The nut is longer one way than any other, and it is cracked

has a Japanese nut-cracker on his stand and does his own cracking. The nut is longer one way than any other, and it is cracked lengthwise, as it breaks more easily in this way the meat comes out better.

Pennsylvania is one of the best States for hickories. New York and Ohio also produce them in abundance.

USING THE FULL NAME.

Changes Made in Visiting Cards for the Sake of Rythm.

"It is regarded as the correct thing nowadays," said an engraver to an Evening World reporter recently, "for gentlemen to have their full names engraved on their visiting cards. This statement, however, is not to be accepted without some qualification. It is not to be advised when a person's middle name is a Christian name, for two names like John Charles, or William Henry coming together do not make an agreeable combina-tion. Whan, however the middle name is a family name, like that of the mother, it is always preferable to use it. It not only fills out the signature and makes it more symmetrical, but it is very useful as a means of information to a person's friends. I am engraving almost all my visiting cards in this style this season.

"I have sometimes very amusing experiences with customers" he continued. "A

I have sometimes very amusing experiences with customers." he continued: "A
man will come in and look over my book for
styles, and then fishing out a name that is
long and symmetrical, savs: "I want mine
just like that." when perhaps his name has
only three or four letters in it. You cannot
make much out of such short names and the make much out of such short names, and the only thing I can do is to try them on a signa ture. If they can write a good one they can usually fill up the space in such a way that the general effect is much better than where the letters are engraved according to rule and

SUNG BY LABOR LEADERS.

William McCabe is fond of "The Old Sex-

John Mahony sings "When I Was a Little August Mayer sings " Hold the Fort," in

German. Louis F. Post likes "John Brown," but

Patrick Doody sings "The Bowld Soge B'y," and plays the bags. George Trause warbles occasionally. "Dot Goot Lager Peer" is his weakness.

"Billy" Price tackles "Would I Were Boy Again," and a few operatic airs.

"Doc" McCarthy dotes on the "Rocky Road to Dublin" and "Paddy Miles's B'y." Fred Leubuscher is a good baritone, and has a new campaign song, "When I Sit on has a new campaign song, the Bench."

Will McLaughlin and Frank Cahill sing lucts. "Let Her Go, Gallagher" is their latest song. Gaybert Barnes sings while he works, and vice verse. "We'll Vote for Henry George'

vice verse. ... We is his weakness. Hugh Whoriskey tickles his fellow "chips" with singing: "Is this Mr. Riley, that Kapes the Hotel."

Charles Price can move organized labor to tears singing "The Missus Had Her Eye Upon the Rabbit Poy."

John J. Bealin takes the bakery by storm when he warbles Irish songs. "Are You There, Moriarity" is his best effort.

"Tom" Jackson has a voice that comes learer the contralto than the baritone. There's a Sigh in the Heart "and "O How air" will melt the listener to tears when he sings them seriously.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING

TALK OF PRESENTING CHARGES AGAINST PRESIDENT STORM.

The Pastime Athletic Club to Get Up Foot ball and Cross-Country Teams-Carter' Chances of Acquittal Said to be Good-The Nassau Athletic Club's Membership Dempsey's Fighting Weight 140 Pounds



RUMOR is affoat that Walton Storm, the President of the Na tional Association of Athletes, will be proceeded against by a delegate to that association for countenancing a mixed meeting. A mixed meeting is defined as one at which amateurs and professionals contest, though not necessarily against each other The first of the Manhattan Athletic Club's series of winter entertainments is the meet ing specified. E. C. Carter, the champion cross-country runner, and Davy Roach went over the course

marked out for the

New York Athletic

Club's five-mile cross-country championship run on election day this morning. The Suburban Harriers, Carter's club, will have a training race over this splendid course, in the valley at the foot of Fort George, on Saturday afternoon. The start will be at 4 o'clock, and a fine chance is afforded any who want to learn the ground.

The Pastime Athletic Club is to get up football and cross-country teams. It wouldn't be healthy for Charley Coster to practice slugging on the grounds by the East River.

A prominent amateur said yesterday: "It's a dead certainty E. C. Carter will be vindicated by a vote of 7 to 1. If the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain wants to try the great five-miler it will write to the American National Association for a report of the evidence, and not take it hearsay from any individual."

The Prospect Harriers, of Brooklyn, who have just moved into their new headquarters on the Prospect Park plaza, are to have a grand cross-country run on Election Day.

New members are coming to the Nassau Athletic Club every day. Eighteen men were elected at the meeting last week. The new club-house of this association is to be formally opened shortly. The Nassaus will hold some grand burlesque games on Thanksgiving Day, open to all amateurs, at which no entrance will be charged. Entries close Nov. 22 at Washington Park. The ownership of the Schoeneck Medal, which its donor, "Pop," promises will be something fine, will probably go over to next season.

The Governing Committee of the New York Athletic Club meet to-night.

People who think they know all about fighters suppose Jack Dempsey to be a big middleweight. He was down to 140 pounds stripped, last week, and says he can fight there and be strong, but would just as soon take no chances and call it 145 pounds. Dempsey says McAulifie can fight at 128 pounds—the same weight Carney fights at when in England.

Joe Ellingsworth has been as big as 190 pounds, it is said, since he got well. Joe was at the Hoboken Casino last Saturday night and saw the Marine knock out Bill Dunne. Ellingsworth looks big and strong enough to eat Dempsey, whom he is to face in a four-round bout at Hoboken on Friday night.

Billy Edwards says the battle between Carney and McAuliffe will tell which is the better in-fighting or out-fighting. Carney is a great in-fighter and Jack will have to be at him off to win.

Dr. J. Carroll Daly, the champion weight-thrower of the United Kingdom of Nenagh, Ireland, is coming to this country in Febru-ary. The Doctor is a larger man than W. J. M. Barry, with whom he was a classmate at Christ College.

Frank Hearld proposes to re-enter the prize-ring this winter. He will seek a match with Dominick McCaffrey.

RICH GO WNS AT MRS. POTTER'S DEBUT.

Bright red bonnets dotted the parquet like A costume that attracted much attention was a steel-colored silk and pale blue bonnet in the front row of the first gallery.

A quiet but very stylish toilet was in a dark cloth, covered with small silver beads, sur-mounted by raven hair and a white lace bon-

A handsome opera cloak of dark green velvet, trimmed with swan's down, was effectively displayed in a front orchestra seat the left row of boxes.

One of the most unpretentious dresses worn by a lady who sat at the extreme of the house. It was of yellow Indian extremely draped, but without any transfer of the contract o

In the fifth row from the orchestra was a lady in black velvet, short sleeves, and tan-colored mousquetaire gloves that nearly

Opera-House (0) 0 Bry Coope

In the baicony upstairs about four rows from the front sat a young woman gorgeously clad in white silk, so decollete that the dress was evidently destined for the Metropolitan

Carlous Titles and Suggestive Combinations

Found on Signs.

HERE are many queer A wonderfully pretty blonde, three or four seats from the rear, had red hair that clustered about her head in little curls, wore a dove-colored suit and a velvet hat. Her soli-

Two ladies on the right of the parquet had striking toilettes. One wore a rich yellow skirt with lace and a black bodice. The other had on a pale brown China silk and a large corsage bouquet of La France roses.

taire diamonds were superb

Next to Mrs. Potter's costume in third act, the dress that won most admira-tion from the ladies in the audience was a white silk worn by a lady in the parquet. It was beautifully "set off" by a swan's down opera wrap.

A girl who sat near the middle aisle was enveloped in a handsome white velvet cloak trimmed with white fur, and spangled with silver. This she threw off, but in such a manner that the rich quilted satin lining could be seen.

A buxom young woman who sat in one of the last rows of the orchestra chairs, wore beneath a dainty French gray velvet tique, a crisply curled wig of an auburn, Mary Queen of Scots tint. Every curl was arranged with precision.

DINNER FOR FOUR FOR ONE DOLLAR. Contributed Daily to "The Evening World by the Aster House Steward.

Roast Lamb.
Lima Beans. Mashed Potatoes. Corn Fritters. Squash Pie. Cheese. Macaroous.

Dainties of the Market.

Drinties of the Market.

Prime rib rosst, 18 to 200.
Porterbouse steak, 250.
Sirion steak, 18 to 200.
Leg matton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 28c.
Lamb thiody ricer, 14 to 15c.
Little-neck clams, 40c. to 60c. a 100.
Dryslers, 75c. to 81.50 a 100.
Pricer, 15c. to 81.50 per gallon.
Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. doz.
Boston Geese, 18 to 20c.
Canvasbacks, \$3.50 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 per.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.50 per.
Partridge, 75c. t Dry-picked turkeys, 20c. to 22c.
Squabs, \$3.59 to \$4. doz.
Squabs, \$3.59 to \$4. doz.
South Seese. 18 to 20c.
B-ston Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Canvasbacks, \$3.50 pair.
Grouse, \$1.50 pair.
Partridge, 75c. to \$1.25 pair.
Reed birds, \$1.50 pair.
Reiheads, \$1.50 pair.
Mallards, \$1 pair.
Teal, 75c. to 35c. pair.
Venson, 20c. to 25c.
Woodoock, \$1 pair.
Fresh mackerel, 15 to 20c.
Cod. 10c.
Lobsters, Sc. to 10c.
Bluefish, 15c. to 20c. Pumpkins, 20c. Mushrooms, 81 quart. Quions, 20 to 30c. half-peck. Canliflowers, 15c. to 25c. Lettuce, 5c. head. Granberries. 19c. quart. Horseradish, 10c. rost. Sweet potatoes, 29c. half-peck. peck.
Lims beans, 20c. quart,
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 2 bunches for
25c.

Answers to Corrrespondents. L. W. B.—Senator Payne, of Ohio, succeede senator Pendieton.

J. E. V. - We do not know of any "agency for the collection of wagers." There may be one, but it collection of wagers." T does not advertise itself. R. E.—The limits of the city of New York are the East and Broax rivers, the Hudson River and the boundary line of Yonkers.

 S.—If you wish the number of votes cast for the many candidates for President you should send a post-paid and directed envelope. R. M.—The costs in a civil suit are always seized upon and "conveyed" by the winning lawyer, without any reference as to whether the case was taken on speculation or not.

L. M.—The law permitting a man to have two wives or a woman to have two husbands reads as follows: "Sec. 6. If any person whose husband or wife shall have absented himself or herself for the wife shall have absented himself or herself for the space of five successive years, without being known to such person to be living at such time, shall marry during the lifetime of such absent husband or wife, the marriage shall be void only from the time that its nullity shall be pronounced by a court of competent authority." A motion to declare such a marriage void can come only from the innocent third party. The marriage is legal while it lasts and the children inherit. (Bowers vs. Bowers, 9 N. Y. L. O., 146.) The innocent third party would be very unwise to have it set aside, and as no other person can, in all such marriages where the missing person afterwards "turns up," the man has two lawful wives. all such marriages where the missing person after wards "turns up," the man has two lawful wives whom he must support, or the woman has two lawful husbands. Public sentiment prefers hav-ing a man live with two lawful wives or a woman with two lawful husbands to granting a divorce.

Raised His Weight.

[From the Cincinnati Telegram.] "Well, I have cause to be happy. I was married two weeks ago, and last night my wife got me on

"Your wife got you on? Why, you were ten "Your wife got you on? why, you were ten
pounds below the standard weight when the surgeons rejected you, and you are no heavier
now."

'I know it, but three days after being married
I ate two of my wife's first biscuit, went before the
surgeons again and tipped the scales at the standard weight."

No Danger.

[From the Omaha World.]
Physician-Patrick, don't you know better than have your pig-pen so close to the house?

Patrick—An phy shud of not, sor?
''It's unhealthy."
'' Be away wid yer nonsinse. Sure the pig has diver been sick a day in his loif."

Needed Plenty of Room [From the Chicago Herald.]

Jay Gould has taken six staterooms on the Umbria-one for himself and five for his pocket-book,

If You Want a Cocktail

In the morning don't take it, just take a wineglassful of Riker's Calisaya Tonic, which will "brace you up" far better at once—better still, the "brace" will lest. Just try it, and see how much better you'll feel that night than if you'd taken that cocktail and got as "full as a goat," and spent twenty or thirty dollars. Sold almost overywhere. Pint bottles (16 wineglassfuls), 75 cents. Don't take anything but Riker's and you are sure of perfect satisfaction. W. B. RIKER & SON, Sole Manufacturers, \$355 6th ave., N. Y.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" and "Lend Me Five Shillings" were presented by Joseph Jefferson at the Star Theatre last night. His Caleb Plummer is too well known and respected in this city to need any explanation.

E. H. Sothern opened with "The Highest Bidder" in Washington last night to a large audience. District Messenger 1, 272, who travels with Sothern, delivered one of "The Highest Bidder," souvenirs to President Cleveland at the White House in the afternoon.

NAMES ALONG BROADWAY.

played on Broadway, seem a little odd-God-

help, Manlove, Heavenrich, Goodkind. And

how shall an American pronounce this:

If Dickens had taken the directory and

used it as a mine wherein to find cognomens

chosen some of the following: Rorer, Pop-

A GIRL EASY TO SUIT.

She Would Take Phil's Portrait it it Looked

Like Another Man.

PICTURE of a hand

some young man is

stowed away in a neg-

lected corner of

portrait painters's

studio uptown. The

artist was asked whom

before starting on

Trip across the received an order for

that picture from the young lady to whom

the original was betrothed. As there was

apparently no hurry about the work, I sug-

gested that it should be done at my leisure

while abroad. This being agreed upon, I

had no further communication with the

the canvas for some time, she sighed and

NO TES FROM THE STUDIOS.

Burr Nichols has something new at his wife's studio in the Sherwood Building. It is a nice little daughter.

Rehn has a fine marine which will soon be

Henry Ferguson has several new canvasse

William Chase's studio is one of the hand

somest in town. It was the old exhibition gallery of the Tenth street studio building, It is crammed with the choicest bric-a-brac.

Blakelock's studio is as bleak as a barn. But the pictures are not bleak. He has a stunningly good moonlight, full of atmosphere and wonderfully harmonious. Also a sunset, with an Indian wigwam in the foreground, is full of warm, subtle tones.

Attractions at the Theatres.

"In ilis Power," at Poole's Theatre, proved to be an attraction.

"Hearts of Oak," with James A. Herne, at the Third Avenue Theatre drew a crowded house.

"A Bunch of Keya" made the Grand Opera-House audience roar last night. There is plenty of horseplay in the piece, but there is also a great deal of genuine humor.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" and "Lend Me

it belonged to. "Just

is much queer r than

some of the names on

the signs. No name is

strange to its owner, but to those who see

them for the first time

these names, all dis-

900

Mrs. Laugtry's House Now Distinguished

It was high noon. A lady of the rares loveliness was sitting opposite a hard-boiled things to be seen along egg and a young man whose beauty was no Broadway, but to the rare, but too well done, if anything. stranger's eye nothing

THE FENCE IS WHITE.

Her bair was a ravishing chestnut. No body could object to this chestnut, though the lady cut it short some months ago, and it clustered around her alabaster brow like a

grapevine over an arbor.

"What is your favorite color?" came in languorous tones from the ruby lips, as she riveted the youth with a pair of lustrous

riveted the youth with a pair of lustrous sapphire eyes.

The young man gazed ardently on the tender, appealing, Brace-up-and-don't-givene-taffy!" expression of those limpid orbs, and pressed his lips together to frame an answer. Just then a beam of sunshine ricochetted from the front yard onto the lady's hair and kindled it to a mass of ruddy

for his characters, he would probably have

gold.

The young man had got no furthef than would make a fair start for "blue." He called the word in and gasped "red."

"You mean bronze," said the fair creature calmly. "Bronze is not a color. It is a hue."

"Whew," returned the youth.

"I've been thinking for quarter of an hour," said the lady.

"Good heavens! never do it again," exclaimed the young man, excitedly. "It will give you wrinkles."

The lady shuddered. "I have settled it. The fence and the trimmings shall be white

The fact studdered. I have settled it.
The fence and the trimmings shall be white—like the calyx of some shy, shrinking lily,?
"Shy, shrinking lily is good. But what part of the dress does the fence go on?"

chosen some of the following: Rorer, Popkin, Mooney and Pings. On the signs of one block it is proclaimed in glaring letters that Marx Held and Sullivan Drew. Those versed in the rudiments of poker (a game played by statesmen) might instinctively inquire what Marx "held," and whether or not Sullivan "filled" when he "drew," but the signs make no response.

Not divine music but prosaic business is connected on the great trade mart with the names of Schumann, Mendelssohn and Gottschalk. Not literature but trade is advertised by Auerbach and Richter.

Does Stark by supplying clothing offer a suggestion of a paradox? and do not Present & Co. give their seekers hope that the firm is "at home?" Just Bros. surely invite confidence, while Gambling may produce an effect as contrary as it is unjust.

The Jersey rustic feels almost reconciled to stony Broadway when he perceives that Korn and Grass are ready for the Sickle. One sign bears the legend Cahn and another Kant, while a third appears to have Gotthold and a fourth indulges in a Schneer. asked the youth.

The fence is to be worn where it always has been—in the front yard. But it shan't be

has been—in the front yard. But it shan't be that mean, nasty green."

The fiat went forth the next day and the iron inclosure of 361 West Twenty-third street is now as white as a vestal's thoughts. Mrs. Langtry's fence is painted white. Also the pavement on the walk is cemented and the two little patches of sward are to be of an imported asphalt that will not offer such attractions to the neighboring cats.

FAVORITE ANIMALS IN THE PARK.

What Little Folks Prefer in the Bird and Wild Beast Line.

"Which is your favorite animal?" asked an Evening World reporter to a bright-eyed little fellow who was watching the grotesquely human evolutions of the chimpanzee in Central Park recently.
"I don't know," he answered, with a blush.

"But I think elephants I like to watch the best. I like lions, too; they look so strong and noble."

The next one to be interrogated by the re-

The next one to be interrogated by the re-porter was a little girl about eight years old.

'Oh, I prefer snakes to anything. It makes my heart jump to see them wiggle around and run out their black tongues. But they are so graceful and some of them, I think,

parties until my return a year and a half later. "When I called upon the lady and in-

are so graceful and some of them, I think, are very pretty."

"Aren't you afraid of being charmed?"

"Oh, my sakes, no."

Bowing to this diminutive Elsie Venner, the reporter advanced towards another little girl, somewhat older than the first one.

"I like birds best," she said, "those from far-off countries, that have beautiful plumage. How I would like to have some of their feathers on my hats. They would make all my friends mad as hops."

"Of what savage beast are you fondest?"

"I used to like bears the best. But Uncle Ralph nearly got killed by one last summer in the Catskills and now I detest them. I like camels because they look so meek and patient. Our minister has been where they use camels the same as we do horses. He lectures about it every little while and talks about the Arabs he saw in Africa where he was a missionary." formed her that the picture was ready she seemed slightly embarrassed, but promised to call at the studio and see it. A few days later she came, and, after gazing silently at and:
"Poor Phil! he's dead and gone!"
Then, with a sudden look of relief and in spiration, she added: "But I think if you could change the expression slightly and alter the mouth it would be a good likeness of Mr. C—, the gentleman I am now engaged to!" gentleman I am now engaged to!"

I kept the picture, as you see. To have allowed that cold-blooded, heartless woman to take possession of it would have seemed an insult to the dead man's memory. So there it always hangs, a sort of illustration of poor, old Rip's words: "How soon we are forgot!"

was a missionary."
About fifty other little folks, male and female, where asked to name their favorite animal, with this result:

Lions Snakes Bison Monkeys.....

His Favorite Satire [From the Nebraska State Journal.] He was a grocery clerk and as he seemed rather nncomfortable in the Snyderly parlor, Miss S.

cindly attempted to engage him in a conversation "Have you read much, Mr. Herron?"
"Why, yes, a good deal."
"Are you fond of satirical writings?"

exhibited, and may be entered for a prize competition. It is "The Home of the Sea-Gulls." "Yes, they go pretty good."
"What do you think of Pope's 'Dunciad' and
Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?"
"Oh, they are all right, but I don't think they
compare with the roasts the baking-powder com-

in his studio. One is for a prominent Phila-delphian. It is a girl at a well, and the col-oring suggests Rico. William Hart has a new picture of the old familiar cow, the stretch of placid water and the thin, vapory sky. Once or twice a year he diverges into more strength. Knew His Pa.

[From the Pittsburg Penny Press.] Teacher—Now, Johnny, suppose your father has an income of \$5,000 a year from his business. He spends \$2,000 for your mamma's clothes, \$50 for

spends \$2,000 for your mamma's clothes, \$30 for his own clothing, and \$1,000 mr miscellaneous expenses. How much will he have at the end of the year.

Johnny (after mature deliberation)—'Leven thousand dollars.

Teacher—Eleven thousand dollars! You don't seem to know your arithmetic.

Johnny—Well, I know pop. He's a naiderman, he is!

Where He Failed.

i From the Nebraska State Journal.] He could write a charming sonnet on a lady's hai or bonnet, He could sing a song at even to the music of hi lyre, But the news was widely carried when at last our

hero married

That he wouldn't rise at morning to build up the kitchen fire.

When All Else Failed.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1887.

GENTLEMEN:
After many so-called remedies had failed to owns and a very sore and inflamed throat, with loss of voice, I tried a bottle of your EXPECTORANT and an very glad to say that long before I had taken the contents thereof I was ENTIRELY CURED. Please send C. O. D. three bottless your "RIREN'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA" and oblige, Mrs. ELLEN THOST, 1229 10th ave.

and regret for what she had lost, steal in

There was a moment of silence and inde

caped them, and signs of consciousness came back to his face.

"Let me see him," Maud said, and made her way through the group of men to where the half-drowned man was lying in the shelter of a jutting rock.

"Basil!—my heavens!" she cried, as the men fell back before her and she caught sight of his white face.

At the sound of his name and of her voice, the one voice in the world to him, Basil Wayne opened his eyes and saw her standing there before him.

"Maud!" he whispered, faintly, "Is it

"Maud!" he whispered, faintly. "Is it you, or am I dreaming? I never thought to see you again. It will be easier to die now."
She went and knelt down beside him, and

Nervous Exhaustion.

NERVOUS and physical exhaustion is what at people who are sick. They are weak, ext and wake each informing as tired and unrefers when they go to bed; they have no appetite, nost and no life or ambition; they become elsepless, is cross, blue and discouraged; in some cases tours eros, blue and discouraged; in some cases there a pains and aches, and there is often indigestion, di head and general dispirited feeling. For these symptes Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic is an absolutely of tain cure, and it is only necessary to try it to be convince of its wonderful effects. It is nature's true tonic for a system, renewing and building up nerve force, and a storing tone, vitality and strength to the weaker nerves. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and under its use all nervousness disappears, the castly excised brain and nerves become tranquil and steady, all feeling of irritability, languor or prostration, all sensettor restlessness, sleeplessness, weakness or exhaustion permanently removed and perfect health and stre-restored. Do not fail to use Dr. Greene's Noruma 3

Tonic if you wish to be cured.

Had it not been for Dr. Greene's Nervurs Nerve Tonic is not been for Dr. Greene's Nervurs Nerve Tonic is should now be in my grave, for I had become so well had hardly strength to attend to my affairs. Its effect has simply wonderful. When weak, sited and produce are simply wonderful. When weak, sited and produce are simply wonderful.

Clipper Office, Centre st., New York. Price, \$1.00 Per Bottle.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Dr. Greene, who is the most skilful and mecoards physician in the cure of nervous and chronic discount may be ensuited free, personally or by letter, at his office, 15 West 14th st., New York. His book, "New Youz blesses, How to Cure Them," mailed free.

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A great stage portraiture. A panomora of home love.
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WALLACK'S THEATRE GREAT DRAMA,
IN HIS POWER,
with original scenery and effects. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. GOOD RESERVED

TONY PASTOR HOME.

LITTLE TICH, JOHN T. KELLY
and a full grand company.

you love me, Maud, and you'll be mine just the same when I am dead."

His words cut her to the heart like a kuife. He thought her true to him, and she was so false to him and to herself!

"Kiss me, Maud. I'm going, I think."

She glanced at her husband. He motioned for her the gratify the man's wish. She bent down and kissed him once and again, her tears falling on his face.

"Good-by." he whispered. "You'll be true, I know, and over there—over there we".

The words faltered on his lips, his hands fluttered a moment and then were still. He

was dead.

He had died believing her true to him, and
the had better so—better so! Over there is it was better so-better so! will all be made right, I think.

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown,
"Should bring a dry September,
With vines and staks all witted down,
And fields scorched to an ember "
"Why, then, 'twill rain," said Marjorie,
The little girl upon his knee.

"Well, what should I be thankful for "
Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble
This summer has grown more and more,
My losses have been double;
I've nothing left "—"Why, you've got

heart, like the white ocean stretched user, out, weird, vast, illimitable. The waves

'sac upon the beach in sub-Basil Wayne was "sunning his wings" that

Basil Wayne was "sunning his wings" that afternoon. At nightfall he must take his flight to another land, and years go by before he could return.

The flutter of a scarlet shawl down the shore aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"She is coming," he said, and a tender light broke over his face; and he saug, in a voice made rich and sweet with the love which found utterance in it:

She is coming, my own, my sweet: She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earth's bed

She came up the rocky pathway, with the

light breeze blowing her hair all about her fair face; a woman with bewilderingly blue eyes and dainty lips, and cheeks like the hearts of wild roses. ASIL WAYNE sat

ASIL WAYNE sat down upon the cliffs, and watched the scene before him, with very tender thoughts coming and going in his heart, like the white sea-birds flitting to and fro along the shore.

Below his feet the cocan stretched itself out, weird, vast, illimitable. The waves sparkled in the soft September sunlight, and broke lazily in upon the beach in subdued murmurs.

"sunning his wings" that this hid, and years go by bene, scarlet shawl down the far from the reverie into weight and it seams ike a dream when I think that his net and a tender.

"It is pleasant to think that there is some one who would be true to you, in a world as false as men would have us believe this is," she said, smiling into his face as she spoke.

"To Basil Wayne she seemed like some picture of a saint, as she stood before him. She was all things fair and beautiful to him. He saw her face in dreams, and her flute-like voice calling his name in the silent hours of night; and so, loving her with the strength and devotion of a man's strong heart, which had never loved before, he saw the world in a different light than it had ever worn for him before, and was happy.

"I cannot persuade myself that I have come there to say good-by to you," she said.
"We have been so happy this brief, sweet summer! The days have gone by so swiftly that I have not taken note of their flight; and it seems like a dream when I think that you are going away, and years—three such long and lonesome years, must elapse before we shall meet again. I shall miss you," he

we shall meet again. I shall miss you so, Basil."

"Not more than I shall miss you," he answered. "Men may not love with more constancy than women, but I think they do with more intensity. At least, a person of my nature, who can love but once in a lifetime. For me in all the world there can be but one Maud. Loving her, I could never love another woman." love another woman."

"Don't forget that," she said, archly.
"You men call us women false and fickle, but I doubt if your record would be fairer in that respect if we knew the truth about you."
"Some men are false, I know," he an-

swered, but I can never be. That you may believe, come what may. Always trust me, Maud. I know that you will always be true to me, darling, and in death or life I shall be faithful to the only women I have ever level." loved."
And so they sat together on the cliffs and talked, while the sun sank lower and lower

swered, "but I can never be. That you may

adown the hazy western sky.

And at the sunset time they kissed goodbye and parted—he to go beyond the sea and
she to wait for his coming back and count
the long, slow days that must elapse before

. A black, angry sky. Great masses of clouds skurrying across the scene, with vivid flashes of lightning darting through them and lighting them up luridly, and making a wild, weird effect, which a painter would have given the world to put upon canvas. The wind blew in great gusts from the sea and howled among the rocks in mad merriment. The waters were lashed against the shore in white clouds of spray and dashed themselves up the cliffs in the vain effort to reach the top, where men were watching the storm with anxious glances.

"A terrible gale," one old fisherman said to another, as he shivered in the cold, search-

to another, as he shivered in the cold, searching wind, which drove in landward, laden with mist and spray.

"Aye, aye," answered his companion. "It will be rough for any vessel trying to make land to-night."

with pitying faces as that sound came over the sullen roar of wind and waters to their ears.
"The signal gun," an old sailor said, straining his eyes through the mist and vapor in

Boom, boom! Men shuddered and looked at each other

the direction from which the sound had

come.

"I see the ship," cried another, pointing out to sea. "Her rigging is all cut away, and only the bare hull is left; but I doubt if that stands this tearing gale till morning."

"We can do nothing for the crew," the other sailor sail. "A boat couldn't live a minute in such a sea as this. It would be swamped a rod from shore. We can do nothing but wait. Perhaps we may be able to render some assistance if the ship should go to pieces."

Boom, boom. he came again.
So she told him and so he believed. And he was not the first man who believed a woman's words and he will not be the last.

Again that signal of distress, sounding like the muffled beat of a distant drum on a stormy battlefield, came echoing on land-"Poor souls, I pity them," a woman said, as, clinging on her husband's arm, she climbed the cliff. "Can no help be afforded them?"

"None at all," her husband answered. "It would be certain death to venture out in such Maud Vivian stood there while the wind Maud Vivian stood there while the wind howled and shrieked in the stunted pines upon the cliffs, and thought of what had taken place there on an autumn afternoon three years before. There, on that very cliff, she had said good-bye to Basil Wayne, and promised to be true and faithful to him, and now she stood there as John Vivian's wife.

Ah, well! So went the world! She had meant to be true aud faithful. She had loved him, but she believed now that she had made the discovery that love isn't all there is to live for in life. Wealth and position go a great way in making existence what we imagine it ought to be. ought to be.

She had answered Basil Wayne's letters ragularly at first. She liked to get his letters, because they told her how he dramed of her and how he loved her; and it is pleasant for

man whose wife she became. She never could give him more than respect; but he had wealth, and wealth can blind us to duty had wealth, and wealth can bind us to duty and truth and make us cheat ourselves into believing a lie. For, though absence dimmed the glow of her love for Basil Wayne, it did not kill it; and she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one, when she spoke the words which made her the wife of another, though she tried to be-lieve that what she had called love was a sort of very ardent friendship. of very ardent friendship.

But a year of married life had removed that delusion, and as the time drew nearer when Fasil was to come back from beyond the sea, she know that life with him would have held

she know that life with him would have held much more in it of pure happiness than gold could ever buy her. I do not know that I can make you see this woman as I see her—a woman recreant to her promises, yet loving Wayne as well as she could love any man; and yet, after all, a woman not capable of loving with much depth or intensity. Not a woman to die for love by any means; and yet a woman who, despite all her fickleness and weakness, would sometimes feel a haunting thought of remorse for what she had done,

a woman to know that some one loves her. Living there in that quiet little fishing town, she had never had much love given her, and Basil Wayne's was very welcome, very plea-sant; and Basil was so much above the other and regret for what she had lose, sear in upon her hours of loneliness.

Something of this was in her mind as she stood there and watched the sea.

"See! see!" cried the old sailor, pointing out above the gloom of the waters. "The ship's gone to pieces! It has struck the rocks." sant; and Basil was so much above the other men, she knew that his love was all the pleasanter. There was something about him, coming as he did from the great outside world of which she knew so little, which elevated him in her opinion and made his affection for her grand and sweet. So she thought at first; but absence dimmed the fervor of her love, if it did not Basil's, and after John Vivian came and began his wooing, her letters to her absent lover grew fewer and shorter; and by and by, when John Vivian asked her to be his wife and she consented, they stopped wholly.

She knew that she did not care for the man whose wife she became. She never

cision among the sailors and fishermen. Then they clambered down the rocks to the beach, and began an anxious walk up and down the shore.

shore.

By and by a cry told that something had rewarded their watching. Peering down through the spray, Maud Vivian saw two men bearing a body between them.

"Let's go down," she said to her husband.

"We may be able to help them."

They made their way down the cliff, and found a little crowd already collected about the body. A fisherman held a flask of brandy to the man's lips. Presently a faint sigh escaped them, and signs of consciousness came back to his face.

lifted his head upon her knee.

"I am dying," he said, in a weak, tired way. "But I sha'n't dread it much with you beside me. I'm sorry to go away and leave you; but I know you'll be true to me, for

"Oh, dear," said Father Brown, one day,
"I never saw such weather!
The rain will spoil my meadow hay
And all my crops together."
His little daughter climed his knee;
"I guess the sun will shine," said she.

"An, me!" sighed Farmer Brown, that fall,
"Now, what's the use of living?
No pian of mine succeeds at all."
"Why, next month comes Thanksgiving,
And then, of course," said Marjorie,
"We're all as happy as can be,"

Baid Marjorie, upon his knes,